

TWO HAT TRICKS.

Luton's Seven goals against Southend.

Luton Town turned their attentions once more to the Southern Alliance on Wednesday, and a week's respite from the anxieties of the promotion campaign allowed the assistance of seven of the players who carried off the honours at Swansea in the capture of the first instalment of the last batch of four points required to make the Blues assured of medals in the Alliance competition. Stevens crossed over to the right, allowing Hoar to reappear at outside left, and Durrant, Wileman, Bob Hawkes and Elvey were rested, Jarvie getting his first game since the Alliance match with Newport, in which he received marching orders six weeks ago. The team was thus constituted of Mitchell; Jarvie and Robinson; Fred Hawkes, Frith and Wilson; Stevens, Brewis, Simms, Rollinson, and Hoar. Southend United have twice beaten Luton this season at the seaside, once through a referee's palpable mistake in the Alliance, and once in a friendly, in which the Blues went in for experiments, but being at the bottom of the Alliance table there was no inducement for them to bring a winning team to Luton. Their eleven included several of the players who assisted to gain them promotion last season, such as Billy Baines, a popular old Luton winger, and Wileman, the brother of our Arthur, but there was not one of them in the previous Saturday's League team. The players who turned out were:—A. Brown; Thomson and Marshall; Buchanan, Moon, and Axccl; Batchelor, Wileman, Stott, Bradshaw and Barnes. Mr. Harry Thompson, of West Norwood, the Surrey cricketer, renewed acquaintance with Luton in the capacity of referee, and there were nearly fifteen hundred spectators, the gate takings being £32.

Southend were most prominent in the opening twenty minutes, when they displayed sprightly football, and frequently showed bright combination in the attacking line. They were very dangerous when Wileman, just as he was bursting through in Arthur's well-known style, was hauled up by Jarvie just outside the penalty area, and Luton rather luckily escaped with a free kick, which failed to penetrate the line of defence. Then Frith took Jarvie off, and failing to head away left an easy opening for Stott, but he slipped at the critical moment, and Fred Hawkes nipped in to the rescue. One more good chance was missed by Bradshaw, who beat Jarvie, and getting clean through drew out Mitchell, only to shoot over, and they never again looked like scoring in the first half, Mitchell's share in the play being little more than that of a spectator.

The Blues were some time before they settled down and mastered the heavy-going, and it took them twenty-three minutes to find the goal. Simms ought to have done the trick three minutes before, because he got clear of the field and the goalkeeper had advanced beyond the goal kick area when the Luton forward shot straight at him. Still it was a case of right prevailing, for Simms was palpably offside when he started from near the middle line with only one back to out-distance. Rollinson

started the scoring, but Hoar had a large share in the point. Sid seemed bent on trying to find the mark, and he was unlucky to have a blinding shot put aside by Thomson. His flag kick was, however, the acme of perfection, and jumping up between the two backs Rollinson gave the goalkeeper no shadow of a chance. For the rest of the half the homesters kept up an almost incessant bombardment, and the Southend defence were simply tied up time after time, but the Blues' forwards were so keen on getting goals that they crowded in too close, and were frequently either getting in one another's way, or working into offside positions. There were any number of corners, and as many near things, but it only wanted four minutes to halftime when Rollinson muddled through to within a few yards of the goal, and was then successfully spoiled, only for Simms to follow up and crash the ball by the goalkeeper. Simms also got the third with the last kick of the half. He received the chance from Brewis, who was at the time over on the left wing, and shot hard and true. Marshall attempted to kick away, but missed, and caused the goalkeeper to be completely unsighted.

In the first minute of the second half the ball seemed over the line in the Southend goal, but the custodian picked it from the sawdust so smartly that the referee gave him the benefit of the doubt. Within a minute or two, however, Hoar worked in cleverly, and from his centre Rollinson scored from what seemed an impossible angle, surprising the spectators as well as the goalkeeper. There was no more scoring until midway through the half, but Brewis lost a fine chance through making too sure when he had got clean through, with the result that he was spoiled before he shot. Fred Hawkes came up with a dash and shot so well that the goalkeeper half lost the ball, but again he got the benefit of the doubt. It was another case of faulty handling by the goalkeeper that gave Rollinson his hat trick. He came out to deal with a fine centre from Hoar, and Rollinson hampered him and dispossessed him, tapping the ball through without opposition. Simms failed to follow suit when a fine piece of work by Stevens and Brewis enabled him to get right into the mouth of goal, but five minutes before time he managed the trick with as lovely a goal as could be wished from a magnificent run on the left and centre by Hoar. The goal that aroused most enthusiasm was the last, which followed in the concluding three minutes, Fred Hawkes, the captain for the afternoon, following up a general forward movement by dashing through and steering a shot by the goalkeeper's left.

Luton thus won with the greatest of ease by 7-0, and the score did not in the least exaggerate their superiority, for they outshone their opponents at all points. The forwards simply revelled in their work, and if Simms had not been quite so eager to pile on the agony there would have been several more goals forthcoming, because he and Rollinson frequently got in one another's way, and it was not, as a rule, Rollinson's fault. Still these two players simply walked round the Southend defence with their vigorous work near goal, and they were splendidly supported by Hoar, who was again in brilliant form, and provided the opportunities from which most of the goals came. Brewis and Stevens gave displays that were quite characteristic of their respective styles, so widely differing, the one supplying the deliberate judgment and the other the dash which go to make up a very serviceable combination. If Stevens could only finish on the run as perfectly as does Hoar he would be a terror with his fearless dash. At half Fred Hawkes easily carried off the honours, and Wilson also came out of his shell with a very finished display, while Robinson was the more prominent of the backs in every respect. On the visiting side, the backs

worked hard, but their halves were so completely outplayed that the odds were too much for them. The forwards showed plenty of clever finesse but little resource. Billy Barnes has lost much of his old-time speed, but he still retains his trickery, and he set his younger colleagues an example worthy of emulation.